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THE

Commonweal

Scelba and the Communists

by Joseph Calderon

An Indochina Journal

by Graham Greene

Volume LX, No. 7 May 21, 1954 Twenty Cents

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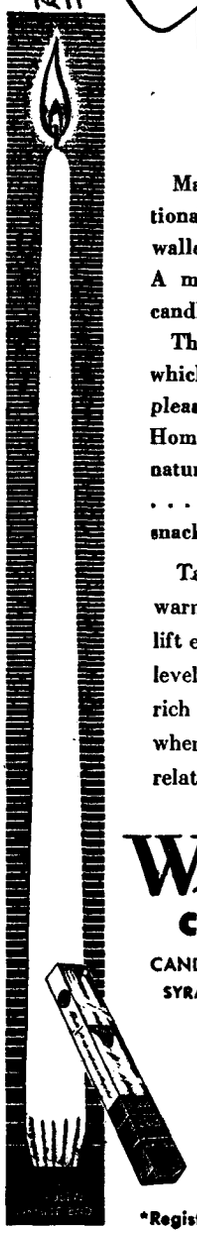

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THE Commonweal

week by week

THE DIVISION

THREE national capitals and one emptied silent fortress made history last week. The fortress was Dienbienphu where Vietnamese, Legionnaires, Africans and Frenchmen—men as brave as any our time is likely to see—fell before the Chinese-reinforced Viet Minh.

The capitals were Washington, Paris and London, where men were tearing down the alliance which has defended Western civilization since the twilight days of 1940. The alliance has been deteriorating for some time now; like a neglected house the shutters have been rattling, the paint has been tattered by the rain and the sun; but now it is no longer neglect, it is crisis.

The crisis has been precipitated by external events: the Geneva conference and the fall of Dienbienphu. It was not, however, *caused* by the external events but by erosion within. The domestic problems of France, England and the United States weaken each separate nation, and in counter-effect, undermine the alliance.

Great Britain has an influential Bevanite minority which is anti-American, anti-EDC, and in favor of appeasing the Soviet Union and China. Why is it anti-American? One large factor (though not an exclusive one) is that America is wracked with what appears to the Bevanites to be incipient fascism; another factor is that America seems to them to be bent on reckless unilateral action in Asia. Why do Americans talk about taking unilateral action in Asia? Why are we capable of such monumentally calloused statements as Styles Bridges' on the occasion of the tragedy at Dienbienphu: "It is time for our allies and so-called allies to stand up and be counted"? The answer, in part, is impatience with the Bevanite-influenced cautiousness of British policy, and the precariously-balanced politics of France. And why are the French so deeply divided? Partially because of their distrust of America, partially because of their fear of the consequences of the American- and British-supported EDC. And around and around it goes.

Today there is a fateful pause in the history of the Grand Alliance. Dienbienphu's fall could cause a complete disintegration of French foreign policy, or a complete rejuvenation of the French nation. There is an outline of a new Western policy at Geneva: a modest compromise but at least a unified position from which to negotiate. The plan calls for Communist evacuation of Laos and Cambodia, partition of Viet Nam, and the establishment of a neutral zone which would give the Communists the use of the port of Haiphong. Thus there now is at least minimal agreement among the Western three. If the Communists reject this, and press their campaign against Hanoi—as at this writing they appear to be doing—then we may expect the trial by fire to force the three into unified resistance—resistance which would have the most serious consequences, but resistance which would have to be made. The terms put forward by the Viet Mink representative at Geneva surely cannot be taken seriously, and may, by their arrogance, fortify French opposition. They call for a cease-fire followed by the withdrawal of all foreign troops—that is, French troops and the United States Military Mission, but not the Chinese "technicians" and "advisors," who serve with the Viet Mink. Then the states of Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia would hold elections without UN supervision but including the pacticipation of Communist "patriotic" organizations. The plan, in short, is a deman dfor the outright surrender of the anti-Communists.

But if the Communists negotiate a realistic truce, the Western wounds will not heal but, in the sultry climate of truce, could fester and weaken us even more seriously.

WE in the United States cannot directly change public opinion in Britain. We cannot restore the spirit of the French Republic. But there are things we can do: We can bring some sanity and unity into our own domestic affairs, and give up the bombast which has characterized our recent foreign relations. The bombast has been a result of the

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Administration's effort to conduct an internationalist foreign policy from the basis of a deeply nationalist Republican Congress; it has been a result of the effort to cut taxes, cut military forces, restore "normalcy" and at the same time extend our commitments abroad—which cannot be done.

The Administration apparently has at last realized that it cannot be done. The Administration apparently has at last taken a determined stand against the anarchical influence of Senator McCarthy. The Administration has not, as yet, been willing to take as hard and determined a line in pressing its program in Congress as it has tried to take in foreign policy, but it must learn that lesson too. President Eisenhower *can* pull us out of this swamp. The American people will back him up (they have never yet failed in a crisis to respond to the leadership of a determined President) and more than that, his party will, under pressure, back him up.

We can go no further on low taxes and big bluffs: we must have resolute leadership. Once we show our own intentions we will have contributed what we can to the restoration of the alliance, and there is every reason to think that the Grand Alliance *can* be restored. But the hour is here.

THE "FOR AMERICA" FORMATION

IF the chances of establishing a third party that would have any tangible effect are rather dim at the moment, there is always hope of organizing to arouse support for, or opposition to, candidates for political office. In this way a small, high-powered group might make its influence felt on the national scene. The opportunity appears particularly bright this year with the two parties so evenly balanced in the Senate and to a lesser extent in the House.

That is why the formal establishment of the "For America" group in Chicago last week could be of some importance. Its outlook is indicated by such leading executive committee members as Colonel McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune,* J. Hamilton Fish, John T. Flynn, Clarence E. Manion, General Robert E. Wood and former Senator Burton K. Wheeler.

Its stated object is "to combat superinternationalism, interventionism, one-worldism and communism," and the new group is said to have half a million dollars in pledges as a starter. While it does not conceive of itself as a third party, it does seek to enlist a mass following. With its financial and other resources "For America" may be able to intervene quite effectively in a few close contests for seats in the United States Senate and House of Representatives.

Inability to come to terms with the contemporary world is, however, a curious foundation for a political movement bent on winning many votes. It clearly finds itself at odds with the dominant Eisenhower element in the Republican Party. It will find few Democrats to pay it heed. Yet if the organization develops as it hopes and its contributions prove to be extensive enough, it may be able to throw some weight around here and there. Those who oppose its ideas might look into a counter-force which is already in the field, the National Committee for an Effective Congress, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York 19. This committee operates on a more modest scale but likewise seeks to influence public opinion in favor of candidates of both parties. The candidates for office it favors, however, uphold many of the domestic and foreign policies which "For America" opposes.

NEXT WEEK

JOHN A. LUKACS tells a contemporary version of the Rip Van Winkle story.

"When the landslide buried our hero in May 1934, shirtless young men were wielding picks and shovels under the sun all over the American landscape; a sweaty, optimistic glow was coming slowly upon the country in this second year of the New Deal. The CCC gang to which our Rip Van Winkle belonged was at work along an abandoned lane in New York State, not far from the birthplace of Washington Irving. A. Pruett Ripperger, a temporarily jobless history instructor, whom schoolmates called 'Rip,' failed to step aside in time. He hardly heard the warnings of his companions, who were on top of an enormous pile of dirt. More than five tons of that earth rained down upon Rip and buried him. One day in May 1954 he awakened. . . ."

DISPLACING OF COAL

IT is easy to find reasons for not bewailing the reduced state of the American coal industry. The nature of the work itself, the great hazards to life and limb (the industry's safety record is appalling) and the many dreary company towns all come to mind. But whatever one's sentiments, technical progress will not be denied. The railroads have widely converted to electricity or to oil-burning diesels, and the increased use of coal by public utilities falls far short of compensating for the loss. We are also in the throes of a recession. The number of

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coal miners is down to considerably less than half the seven hundred thousand employed in the industry in the nineteen twenties, and most of them are now working not more than three days a week.

Many will blame the plight of the coal industry on John L. Lewis, because of the wage rates and royalties for sick benefits he has been able to put over. There is little doubt that the extent of his demands hastened a transformation that was inevitable. At the emergency conference opening in Chicago, May 21, several operators are expected to propose a break with the United Mine Workers as a solution. Adversaries of such an idea maintain that increases in productivity have offset increases in wages. In any case the American coal miner produces over four times as many tons per day as his European counterpart.

Resort to the Government is another means of meeting the crisis. Congress is being urged to enact a prohibitive tariff on "residual oil," which took the place of more than thirty million tons of coal in this country last year. The industry also wants obstacles to greater exports to Europe to be set aside; it further believes the Government could use more coal in its atomic projects. Then there is the hope that policies which stimulate general business recovery will increase domestic demand for coal in the process.

But the trend is plain. The problem, really, is how to plan the gradual cutting down of the industry so that miners and communities can readily take up other means of livelihood. Perhaps the fact that the Government can direct the placing and dispersal of new and additional defense plants can be utilized in favor of the coal regions. Local initiative can accomplish a good deal in attracting new industries to a community, as Scranton, Pa., has demonstrated. But there are obvious limitations to this device in that a number of localities would be competing at once, while only a few new plants were in search of new locations.

From its very beginnings the path of the Industrial Revolution has been strewn with human and community victims. It is no longer generally accepted that economic forces must be allowed to take their unimpeded course regardless of the effect on men and society. But there is still a need for a civic sense of responsibility that will make the transitions technological change brings about as well-planned and humane as possible.

THE PURLOINED LETTER

AT the subcommittee hearing, Senator McCarthy submitted a carbon copy of a letter to the Army signed by J. Edgar Hoover. The document turned out to be neither a carbon copy of a letter sent by Mr. Hoover nor a copy of any letter signed by him. It was rather a faked letter based on a memorandum sent by Mr. Hoover, which incorporated material, word for word, that was taken by an unauthorized person from the Army's confidential files. The person who unlawfully passed this information to Senator McCarthy was described by the Senator merely as a young Army officer who "felt that his duty to his country was above any duty to any Truman [read Presidential] directive to the effect that he could not disclose this information." The Senator stated firmly that he would under no circumstances reveal who the officer was. He was upheld in this position by Chairman Mundt on the advice of Mr. Jenkins, the subcommittee's special counsel.

All this would seem to be shocking, but it was received with fair aplomb by the subcommittee itself and by the public at large. The "young Army officer" was praised by Senator McCarthy for his patriotism and sense of duty. What his action amounted to, in our opinion, was a kind of patriotic anarchy.

Taking everything in the best possible light that Senator McCarthy gave it, what it adds up to is that the anonymous young officer believed not enough was being done by the Army in reference to Mr. Hoover's memorandum. Having made this judgment, he took it upon himself to betray his oath of loyalty and turn over classified material from Army files to Senator McCarthy, on no other authority than his own. In a word, he set himself up as judge, first, of what *should* be done by the Army, and, secondly, of what material could safely be taken out of the files and passed on. It is conceivable that an earlier young officer might have felt it his duty to pass on material to Harry Dexter White or to Alger Hiss, for one patriotic reason or another.

The young man may well have been motivated by the highest sense of duty, but his act simply can not be condoned by anyone who believes in the principle of authority in government. He did what he did, it is said, because he felt it was his duty to his country. By the same token, the atom spies have claimed that they passed on information to the Soviet because they felt that they were thereby serving the interests of peace and humanity. In both cases, a fundamental principle of orderly government was flouted. If every clerk in Washington is to set himself up as an authority on what should or should not be released from confidential files, the anarchic principle has carried the day. The fact that the unknown officer turned the material over to a subcommittee investigating Communism does not

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change the fact that he acted without authorization.

It may be useful to recall just why Senator McCarthy got involved in investigations in the first place. The Senator is a legislator. He is not a part of the executive branch of the government. He is not a law-enforcer. He is carrying on his investigative activities in order to facilitate the making of good laws. That is his given task; there his authority begins and there it ends. To condone the act of the "young Army officer" who disobeyed his own clear orders and acted outside the law is tantamount to conferring upon Congressional investigators a total power that no one branch of government, under our checks-and-balances system, should enjoy. It is to set Senator McCarthy and his activities above all law and to reduce all other authority to impotence. Here lies the seed of that anarchy which has so often been the prelude to dictatorship.

MEMBERS OF THE JURY

THE Supreme Court has not yet ruled on the constitutionality of racial segregation in public schools, although this is by all odds the most explosive issue now facing it. But it did recently rule on a civil rights issue which, while not as important nationally as the question of school segregation, nevertheless was important.

In its decision, the Court overturned the conviction of an American of Mexican descent who had been found guilty of the fatal shooting of another Mexican-American. Despite agreement by all parties that for twenty-five years no one with a Mexican name had served on a jury in the county in question, the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals had previously upheld the conviction. Now the Supreme Court has unanimously ruled that Jackson County, Texas, has been violating the Constitution by keeping Mexican-Americans off juries.

In this specific case, the officials of Jackson County may, if they wish, try the defendant again; first of all, however, the county will have to establish a jury system which does not bar Mexican-Americans. The Supreme Court's ruling does not mean that the second jury necessarily has to include Mexican-Americans; it does mean that the jury will have to be selected under a system which does not make selection of Mexican-Americans an impossibility.

In this case the Court's opinion was written by Chief Justice Warren, who pointed out that the reasoning followed was basically the same as that applied in the Scottsboro case. There the Court held that the absence of Negroes from juries over a long period of time could be considered proof that they were in fact excluded. As Mr. Warren noted, the Court has ruled before that the protection of the Fourteenth Amendment is not limited to Negroes but forbids individual states to deny equal protection of the law to all, and this basic guarantee the Court considers to be violated by systematic exclusion from jury service by reason of race or national origin.

Immediately affected by this decision of the Supreme Court will be the methods of jury selection not only in Jackson County, Texas, but in scores of other counties in Texas and New Mexico which follow the same pattern of exclusion. Even more importantly, this is one more decision in which the high court has outlawed discrimination on racial grounds. It seems reasonable to hope that a decision in this same spirit will soon be forthcoming on the issue of segregation in the public schools.

AGAIN TAFT-HARTLEY

ANOTHER year or two, and Taft-Hartley is likely to take on some of the sanctity of the flag, and be almost as difficult to alter. Since the measure was first vetoed by President Truman in 1947, Congress has been kicking around suggestions for revision in the law, and recently the legislators have been having another whirl at it.

Although the amendments proposed this time have been described as Administration proposals, such a description seems to be overstating the case somewhat. One of the most controversial proposals put forward, for example, was a "states' rights" amendment; this did not originate with the Administration, although the Eisenhower forces did accept it. Far from removing some of the inequities in the present measure, the states' rights proposal would have made the course of industrial relations even more difficult, and the unions had good reason for their strong opposition to the amendment.

Although the Democrats support certain parts of the Eisenhower program, they lined up solidly to defeat this measure. Southern Democrats reportedly feared that the states' rights measure was not strong enough; Northern Democrats saw the measure as an anti-labor move rather than the campaign-promised improvement. Between them they licked the Republican platter clean and sent the bill back for further study.

Chances are that this coalition of North and South means the end of any possibility of revising the law in this session of Congress. Under the circumstances, this result can hardly be considered a tragedy. In a case in which certain amendments are worse than the already existing piece of legislation, their defeat is nothing to shed tears about.

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Scelba and the Communists

A FEW DAYS AFTER HE TOOK OFFICE THE NEW ITALIAN PREMIER ANNOUNCED HIS ANTI-COMMUNIST PROGRAM AND IMMEDIATELY STARTED TO IMPLEMENT IT.

JOSEPH CALDERON

UNDER Premier Mario Scelba, Italy begins her *"terzo tempo"* in postwar history. DeGasperi's first task was to re-establish law and order—clearing the streets of Communist terrorists, black marketeers and common bandits. Economic, political and international recovery was accomplished next. Now in this, her third *tempo,* Italy is governed by a vigorous Sicilian, Mario Scelba.

Scelba, a man in his fifties, comes from a poor, hard-working, intensely Catholic family. As a youth he worked as private secretary to Don Luigi Sturzo. Then, with the founding of the Italian Popular Party, he became very active in its youth section. When the party was dissolved by order of the Fascists, Scelba devoted himself to the practice of law in Rome. During the Fascist regime, he continued to hold clandestine meetings with surviving leaders of the Sturzian party. With the fall of Fascism, he abandoned his law practice and set about reorganizing the Christian Democratic Party under the leadership of the wise and brilliant Alcide DeGasperi. Scelba was soon to be vice-secretary of the party, later Minister of Posts and Telegraph and finally Minister of the Interior during the crucial postwar days when the Communist *agitprop* was seemingly on the eve of taking over Italy—when the Italian armed forces were practically non-existent and the police demoralized. In the capacity of his office, he hurled the Communists back, recapturing the streets, highways, and industrial plants for democratic Italy. Scelba saved Italy for freedom. He is that rare bird in Italian politics —one who has always been anti-Communist and anti-Fascist.

His is the first aggressively forthright anti-Communist government democratic Italy has ever had. Given the opportunity and time, Scelba will achieve in Italy's domestic politics what DeGasperi accomplished in her foreign affairs—establish a strong pro-peace and anti-Communist structure. What Italy needs more than anything is a government that will be feared by the state's bureaucracy and by the rich; and that will be universally respected and supported by the people. Within a few days after he took office, Scelba announced his government's anti-Communist program and before the Communists had time to recover from the shock, Scelba immediately started to implement the program. He gave instructions that the offices of the Communist-led CGIL labor federation were to be cleared out of the government buildings which they had been occupying rent-free; that the hundreds of government employees in the various ministries who had been devoting full time to CGIL work were to cease trade union work on government time. Scelba has already taken over measures designed to make life a bit more difficult for the Communists. The Italian movie industry, where the Communists are very influential, could not exist without government subsidy and support. In the future, it will operate under an industry censorship board. Until now Italian films with very few exceptions (and these are the ones that have been shown in America) have denigrated Italy and have been dull, vulgar and sex-ridden, where they have not been openly pro-Communist.

The anti-Communist character of the Scelba government imparts to Italian politics a special flavor. It is not generally understood here that Monarchists, Fascists, social democrats, liberals and some Christian Democrats, though non-Communists, are not necessarily rigorously anti-Communist. Some few are soft on the Communist menace, others are actually collaborators, directly or indirectly.

The beacon lights in the anti-Communist field are the Republican leader, Pacciardi; Scelba, the Christian Democrat; Gonella, former secretary of the Christian Democratic Party; Ravaioli, former vice-secretary of the Christian Democrats. Saragat, leader of the Social Democrats is anti-Communist, but he is not single-minded and firm; he is a poet and professor who somehow wandered into politics, and he exhibits qualities which unfit him for the rough and tumble of Italian politics. Up until the time Scelba formed his government, the most vigorous anti-Communist speech that ever came from the government bench was that given by former Premier Fanfani. Former Premier DeGasperi, who has dominated the political picture, has probably been the strongest single factor in holding back

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the Communist tide. Don Luigi Sturzo has been the greatest and most intelligent anti-Communist in Italy.

It would be a mistake to believe that Scelba is merely a negative and sterile anti-Communist. His government has been busy framing social legislation. Under him, the land reform begun by DeGasperi and developed by Fanfani is continuing apace. The southern Italy redevelopment and reconstruction program is being intensified. Scelba has named a committee headed by Sturzo to examine government-owned and government-subsidized enterprises, for the purpose of making recommendations leading to their liquidation or more efficient operation. The government has proposed legislation aimed at tax evaders; no longer will the wealthy chiselers be able to get off with a nominal fine; they will have to face a prison term. The tax burden on lower income groups will be lowered.

AMERICANS have a vital stake in Italy, and it is to our interest as well as to the Italians' that Scelba succeed. His government rests upon a narrow and shaky majority, and he needs every vote he can get in the Chamber of Deputies and in the Senate. But his parliamentary support can be strengthened if public opinion is solidly behind him. We can do much to rally Italian public opinion by giving him Trieste. Tito is reported to be prepared to see the City and port of Trieste returned to Italy, if he gets Zone B, now occupied by his troops. In addition he wants the U.S., UK and France to underwrite the cost of building a new harbor, railway and road connecting this harbor in Capodistria to the main cities of Yugoslavia. Although this proposal is unfair, to us as well as to Italy, the Trieste boil is a festering sore; the sooner it is lanced, the better for Western defense. For this reason it is to be hoped that the Italian Foreign Office and public opinion will accept this proposal, assuming that it is a serious offer, and not one made for propaganda purposes. (This, of course, is quite an assumption, since Tito often says one thing to reporters publicly and a different thing to Ambassadors privately, whenever he sees that his regime is losing ground in American and British public opinion.)

Should Italy go Communist, we would have to scrap NATO, shelve EDC and write off the millions upon millions of dollars that have been poured into Europe. Neither a central nor a peripheral defense strategy of Western Europe would be possible without Italian collaboration and the participation on our side of her industrial potential and her armed forces. Should Italy fall, Yugoslavia and Greece would be sucked into the Soviet orbit. France would become completely neutralist and Adenauer be compelled to make a deal with Malenkov. We need France to defend Germany adequately.

There is no recognized military authority who does not accord the Italian peninsula and Sicily a cardinal role in European and American defense. Without Italy we would not be able to control the Mediterranean; a Communist closing of this inland sea would cut England's life line and deny Middle East oil to Western defense. Our North African bases, Malta and Spain are not enough. The painful and costly Italian campaign of the last war was not fought without reason.

We in the United States do not appear to understand that soon there may be precious little that we can do for and with the Italian people. The Communists are close to the political conquest of Italy. If elections were held today, they would probably emerge as the strongest political grouping in the Chamber. For those who think that this is alarmist reporting, perhaps it might be well to briefly mention a few facts about the Communists in Italy.

ONE out of every three voters casts his ballot for the Communists or their fellow-travelers. Two-thirds of the Communists in Western Europe are in Italy. As of September 1953, the Italian Communist Party had over two million members. In 1953 alone it recruited almost two hundred thousand new members. It is quite true that the Party suffers defections, but they are as nothing compared to the numbers that join. There are 52,481 Communist cells, according to published reports. The Party has 139,781 activists with the rank of chiefs of party cells. Over these chiefs of cells are three to four hundred thousand Party functionaries. In 1953 over twenty-nine thousand Party members attended Communist training schools.

The Communist youth organization has four hundred thousand members. The elections of June 1953 demonstrated that it is the Communists and not the Fascists who hold the allegiance of the majority of Italian youth of voting age. The Communist-dominated labor federation, CGIL, has a membership well over the four million mark; its rival CISL has only half its membership and probably twenty per cent of its fighting efficiency.

The Communist Party has tremendous and immeasurable influence upon Italian public opinion, even in non- and anti-Communist circles. This influence is due to three factors—ideas, organization and unlimited funds. By ideas I mean the propaganda themes and techniques manipulated by the Communist politburo to capture the imagination and poison the mind of the Italian. A study of Communist publications reveals four main themes, which they exploit in varying forms day in and day out. These are the "Reformist," the "Peace," the "nationalist" and the "morality" themes. The hate-America singsong is tied up with these themes as is love of Russia. Let there be no mistake—this propaganda is effective. The Communists are professionals.

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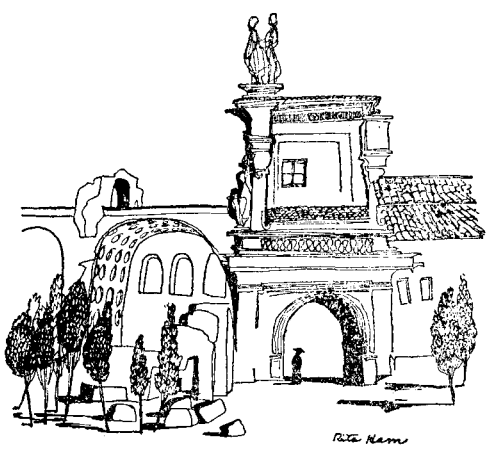
THE Italians have had an intimate acquaintance with two world wars. They have seen members of their families killed under their very eyes, homes go up in flames, farms scorched. In the last war one-third of Italy's slowly accumulated national wealth was wiped out. Italians are war-weary and war-wise. They don't want to be "liberated" either by the Americans or the Russians. The "peace" message of the Communists is eagerly swallowed even by non-Communists.

Thanks to the basic economic problem that besets Italy, the starvation wages of agricultural workers in the South, the chronic unemployment problem, the barriers erected by this and other free countries to qualified and selected emigration (except on a limited scale), the trade walls, the constant economic insecurity of the workers, the "reformist" propaganda of the Communists hits its mark. Over eleven million Italians are undernourished to the point of near starvation. Empty stomachs influence minds to be receptive to extremist solutions. The reds do not talk violence and revolution. All they ask is that the people vote them in so that they can introduce "reforms" which will make Italy a paradise for Italian workers. Yet the Communists have consistently voted against the major reforms introduced by the Christian Democrats.



Another interesting development is the "nationalist" accent in Communist propaganda. This does not mean that the Communists are going Titoist. It means that they recognize that national sentiment is strong in Italy. Just as they attack NATO, EDC, the U.S. and Britain and Germany in their "peace" propaganda, claiming that these are bringing war to Italy, so too the Communists attack the U.S., NATO, EDC, and Britain in their "nationalist" posters, claiming that these would put the Italian army and navy under control of "foreigners." The Italian army, they argue, should not be run by war-mongering Americans. The Communists have attacked the government for going along with America and Britain on the partition of Trieste. If we gave Italy Zone A, the Communists as well as the Fascists would lose much of this "nationalist" propaganda weapon. For the Italians are dead sick of this issue and are prepared to come to any reasonable terms consonant with national dignity and honor.

The term "morality" is constantly on the lips of the Communist. The Italian masses are by tradition against the government, no matter who heads it. The masses are under the impression that the government is composed of immoral crooks and grafters. The Communists play up this theme, never offering evidence to back up their accusations, but so ineffective are the libel and slander laws that there is very little that can be done to stop this steady stream of abuse and slander. Recently, hearings took place in Rome on a matter concerning a girl found dead in Ostia. This "Montesi-Caglio-Montagua" affair rocked Rome and almost caused the government's fall. Not one government official was involved, but the son of Foreign Minister Piccioni was unjustly accused as the assassin. The Communists had a field day and the non-Communist papers headlined the story in issue after issue for weeks, thus serving the purposes of the Communist Party.

THE Communist Party is the only political party that broadcasts throughout the day on the Italian wave-length. Newscasts and commentaries are recorded on tape in Rome, then delivered to a capital behind the Iron Curtain under the diplomatic immunity of a Communist embassy. The broadcast is then beamed to Italy, say from Prague.

The Communist press is the one read by the Italian masses. *L'Unita,* the Rome equivalent of the *Daily Worker,* has a circulation larger than the combined circulation of all non-Communist Rome papers. But Scelba recently barred Communist newspapermen from his own offices and from all government ministries. Reporters for *L'Unita* will no longer have access to government press conferences, nor will they be allowed to use the official facilities available to accredited journalists.

The only West European socialist party which is a Communist front is the Italian Socialist Party headed by Pietro Nenni, a Stalin Peace Prize Winner. This organization, actually run by a disciple of Lenin named Morandi, is owned lock, stock and barrel by the Communists. They finance the organization and pay expenses involved in publishing its newspaper *Avanti,* and in paying party functionaries. The Nenni Socialists have consistently followed the line laid down by the Communists, in and out of the Chamber of Deputies.

ALL these activities cost money. Capellini, financial secretary of the Communist Party, is alleged to have stated in an unguarded moment that the annual budget of the party is fifty million dollars. Where do these funds come from?

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There is little doubt that some funds come from behind the Iron Curtain. In addition, the Italian Communists own and control several import-export firms, which have the exclusive concession on trade with Communist countries. No Italian manufacturer or importer can deal directly with Iron Curtain firms; all trade must pass through such Communist firms as Tecno-Export, SIMES, SOCOFIN, IMECO and others. These firms charge a percentage on import and export goods, with the added cost of the goods being passed on to the Italian consumer. These firms also trade on their own with Iron Curtain countries, sometimes hiding the true and ultimate destination of the goods by shipping it to one of the Low Countries.

The Party funds are swelled by members' dues and assessments and by the sale of newspapers, periodicals and books. Once a month the Party runs a festival throughout Italy, and this has developed into an excellent fund-raising gimmick. Industrialists are known to contribute donations to the Party, thinking thereby that they have "life insurance" and "plant insurance." The Party cooperatives are also milked, as are the treasuries of the Communist-dominated trade unions.

Has all this activity paid off? Let's look at the open public record about which there can be no dispute.

In the last general elections, in June 1953, the Communist Party together with its Socialist front organization polled 35.4 per cent—9,561,823 votes. Since those elections, approximately twenty-five provincial and municipal elections have been held. The average over-all gain since the record established in June has been five per cent.

On this basis we can assume that if the elections were to be held today, the Party would receive forty per cent of the vote, if not more. If this is so, it seems fairly obvious that no government could be formed after such an election without the consent of the Communists, assuming of course that the Monarchists and Fascists would continue their present obstructionist and anti-Demo-Christian tactics. It should be pointed out that in these post-June elections it has been largely the minor democratic parties—and not the majority Christian Democrats—that have sustained the losses.

Scelba can and will do something about the Communist threat to Italian democracy, if his arm is strengthened. If we give him all possible diplomatic and economic support he has every chance of succeeding.

Italy wants trade—not aid. She must be able to send her surplus sons to foreign lands. She pleads for understanding, not charity. There are thousands upon thousands of qualified and skilled Italians ready and able to build a future for themselves and to make real contributions to their adopted countries. Now is the time, before it is too late, to buttress the Scelba government so that Italy will become an impregnable bastion of freedom and Christian civilization in the Mediterranean.

CATHOLICS AT WAR

An Indochina Journal

GRAHAM GREENE

JANUARY 8: At 9:50 I took a plane from Hanoi to Nam Dinh. Here, two years ago, I had stayed with Colonel Sezaire. From here I had slipped into burning besieged Phat Diem in a French landing craft carrying an officer named Vandenburg and his black clothed Commando of ex-Viet Minh prisoners—Vandenburg with his animal face and dangling hangman's hands (a few weeks later he was murdered by his own Commando before they deserted). Nothing in the delta ever seems to change—not even the gunfire.

I was on my way to Bui Chu, the Annamite bishopric on the edge of Phat Diem—the first region to be handed over by the French to the Viet Nam forces, a premature decision for two battalions deserted to the enemy with their new American weapons and the French had temporarily to return to clean up the mess.

Some hours had to be passed before my plane to Bui Chu and these I spent with a French colonel who took me to a performance of "Le Cid" in French, given by the equivalent of ENSA to the students and teachers of the Nam Dinh schools. It was not such an odd choice as might appear, for the Vietnamese theater too is heroic and the costumes were less alien to the Vietnamese idea of theater than contemporary ones would have been. All the same there was a continuous ripple of laughter—perhaps some of it was caused by the dialogue which it is difficult for even an Englishman to appreciate (*honneur* and *gloire* sounding regularly like the tolling of a bell), but probably more was caused by the presence of real women on the stage (as unknown in the Eastern theater as it was in Elizabethan England) and by the abrupt and exaggerated changes of gesture and tone. When a man actually knelt at a woman's feet the laughter rose higher than ever.

At 3:50 I caught my plane on to Bui Chu—ten minutes by plane but six hours by road if the road had been open, because of the loops of the Red River. The Bishop of Bui Chu was a very different character from the neighboring Bishop of Phat Diem, younger, with a greater knowledge of the world outside than the former Trappist monk. The Bishop of Phat Diem was only interested in building more and more churches (for which he hadn't the priests): the conditions of the market, the lack of a hospital—this meant little to him,

Mr. Greene, the British novelist, has for some months been covering the war in Indochina.

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and he was interested in education only in so far as it produced priests. I did not find him a vain man, but his position was that of a medieval bishop—the temporal ruler of his diocese. When he drove in his jeep down the long narrow street of Phat Diem, his fingers raised in benediction, impassive as a statue, he reminded me of an ancient mural, in which only the significant lines have escaped the destruction of time, the raised fingers, the tassel on the episcopal hat. The Bishop of Bui Chu belonged to our day and world—and our day and world includes the pockmark of bullets on the seminary wall which the Viet Minh attacked in June. They broke in at night and carried away four priests (two of them Belgian whom I remembered meeting in 1952 and with whom I discussed English literature). They fired too into the sisters' chapel and killed four sisters—one falling dead under the statue of Our Lady (the wall still bore the mark of the bullets).

The guns rumbled across the fields of rice in the soft gold evening light. An old priest said to me, "After that I began to learn French."

There is a terrible squalor about war in these days: men emerging from holes, bearded, dirty, wearing the chevrons of their rank wherever is most convenient, the little forgotten hospitals like those of Bui Chu, served by a few priests and sisters, without enough bandages; the wounded women, the men with their feet gashed on the bamboo points of the Viet Minh defenses. Four wounded had come in today and two had died. It was part of the day's work, but there was no clean room for doctor and nurse to retire to, no bath, no easy chair, no change from the smell of wounds.

One of the priests, a young man with a squint, pale gums and several gold teeth took me to his room and gave me tiny glasses of sweet altar wine. He had been learning English from one of the Belgian fathers who was kidnapped and he was anxious to practice. He was suffering, he said, from *"faiblesse générale"* and could do little work. He was my constant companion for two days, giggling and trying to copy my English pronunciation, carrying on his lessons up to the last possible moment, in the jeep on the landing ground.

JANUARY 9: Mass in the cathedral at 6:45 after being woken by gunfire before daybreak. It was strange and moving, in the big cathedral, to be the only European. The grace of the Annamite priest and his vestments, everything the same and yet all the faces so different. The Church seemed to give a model for the politicians—Christianity can survive without Europe. Why not trust the people?

After Mass I was pulled away before I could get my breakfast by two priests who wished to be given a small lesson in English.

During the morning visited the refugee camp — six hundred people who had been evacuated from the villages captured in June by the Viet Minh. In one hut were five families separated by hangings. In one tiny compartment hung a picture of Our Lady, with a bleeding heart, and Bao Dai.

The commandant in charge of the troops in the Bui Chu area. A Vietnamese with a tough sympathetic face, full of confidence, a Buddhist. Under his leadership to all intents Bui Chu was independent. Only one French artillery post remained, otherwise not only the troops but the church was Vietnamian. Could they fight? To answer that question they brought me to the fortified village of Thui-nai.

One approached it by a jeep along the narrow causeways between the canals. The Commandant thought of sending ahead of us a mine-detecting patrol, and a few minutes before we arrived, they found a mine, enclosed in a wooden box with a piece of wood over the detonator to try to make it undetectable. A mine of Chinese manufacture with the instructions printed in Chinese. Why is it one is not more thankful for life? The commander of the patrol went later to the Bishop's residence to receive his thanks for saving the life of his guest, but it is to difficult to thank God with any sincerity for this gift of life.

The fortified village of Thui-nai was the most impressive thing I have seen in the Indochina war. Here was a popular Dienbienphu made with the spades and pickaxes of local men: a maze of mud walls and firing emplacements that extended right into the church itself, mud ramps standing in the aisle for the last stand. Since August the village with no aid from proper troops had beaten off nine night attacks by the Viet Minh, the last on December 30. Everyone who could walk was in the militia. The church was gay with yellow Viet Nam flags and in the square for my inspection in orderly ranks stood the whole village: small girls of twelve carried knives and wore hand-grenades in their belts. One home-made mortar, a Bren gun, a few Stens—for the rest they had to fight with old rifles and knives and grenades—there were plenty of these. The commandant was young, smart, imaginative. He had organized his own information office: the village Roll of Honor, charts of organization, photographs. As we sat

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with him at tea, the squinting priest said to me, "He is a commandant without rank or pay, who eats his mother's rice in return for fighting his father's enemies." If all villages were as homogeneous as this and as well organized there would be no problem in the delta, but here was the enormous advantage that every soul in the village was Catholic. They felt a personal threat.

I think that the loss of the two battalions had been good for Bui Chu. It brought the threat home and killed complacency. Catholicism had not been enough. Now they were being encouraged again. The commandant of the Forty-sixth Viet Minh Regiment had come in the day before to surrender, carrying with him plans for the capture of Bui Chu. He was surprised to find himself received by a Viet Nam commandant and a Viet Nam captain (a young intelligence officer with a kind of fanatical smartness who had once been a Franciscan). The major was following one of his own captains who had surrendered three weeks before. Both men were Communists—not nationalists caught up in the Viet Minh camp and disillusioned. Something was badly wrong with the Forty-sixth Regiment, and nobody knew what. Had these men offended the political commissars attached to each battalion? We are too apt to forget the strain in the enemy's camp, seeing only our own tensions and doubts.

After lunch I flew round the Bui Chu defenses in a Morain plane piloted by a young medical student called up from Hanoi University. Only one post of artillery flew a French flag with the Vietnamese—a bird's eye view of independence. When I returned the Bishop put his head into my room and asked whether I would like "a small promenade." The promenade turned out to be the consecration of a new church in a village which had become entirely Catholic a year ago. As the Bishop moved around the walls scattering holy water, while the guns grumbled like an aching tooth, one was aware that the political or material motive here for becoming Catholic was very small.

After that, tea with the *Chef de Provence,* and the awful tiredness that comes from hospitality—the strain of politeness and friendliness in the absence of companionship. Then one longs most to be with the people one loves, the people with whom it is possible to be silent.

JANUARY 10: The conversions certainly go on. Before Mass this morning in the Bishop's chapel there were fifteen baptisms, thirteen of them in one family. It was the patronal feast and a Mass more gay than any I have seen outside Vienna. The Bishop was robed to the music of violins, gay tinkly music like an eighteenth century gavotte. The altar boys carried the vestments with a ballet grace: even the candles on the altar seemed to dance. One was worlds away from the dull bourgeois Masses of France and England, the best clothes and the beadle and the joyless faces and the gregorian chants. This was a Mass to be enjoyed, and why not? The sacrament is too serious for us to compete in seriousness. Under the enormous shadow of the cross it is better to be gay.

Later the school children performed a long heroic play in verse as incomprehensible to me as the Cid had been to the Vietnamese, and then there was a banquet for all the priests and schoolmasters and officers. I had to leave in the middle of it to catch my plane back to Hanoi, and the squinting priest went with me, learning English to the last.

FROM WASHINGTON

The Senator From Kentucky

FRANCIS J. KEENAN

THE people of Kentucky have had no less than eight different United States Senators during the past eight years representing them in Washington. Whether or not Kentuckians, who traditionally thrive on politics, appreciate this kind of variety is only one of many big and little questions hinging on the developing campaign between Senator John Sherman Cooper, Republican, and former Senator and Vice President Alben Barkley, Democrat.

As issues go in this campaign, continuity in office will be a minor one, for the Cooper-Barkley fight already shapes up as one of the most interesting and significant in the nation this year. This is a struggle of giants, and with control of the Senate currently so precarious, both parties are placing maximum emphasis on Kentucky.

The presence as a contender of one of the truly grand-old-men of American politics has already lured some editorialists into taking an "It's all over now" position. The political power of a legend plus the frequent off-year advantage for the "outs," they feel, will add up to a Barkley victory. In this instance, however, such assumptions appear to be premature at best. While

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no one at this stage can safely predict the state of mind of Kentucky voters a half-year hence, few who claim a knowledge of Kentucky politics are willing to risk their reputations on what could be no more than a rough guess. It may be significant that the "sure-thingers" are mostly from outside the state, where the national reputation of Mr. Barkley may serve to obscure the political appeal of his opponent.

Not so in Kentucky, however. At home, John Sherman Cooper is something of a legend himself—and a younger one. The fact of Sen. Cooper's comparatively obscure position on the national scene is at stark variance with his constructive record in public life.

WHEN A. B. "Happy" Chandler resigned his Senate seat in 1946 to accept the commissionership of organized baseball, Cooper, a decorated veteran of army service both as an enlisted man and officer, filed for the unexpired term and won by the healthy margin of 42,000 votes. Two years later, he was defeated for the full term by the late Virgil Chapman. This, it should be noted, was accomplished by the relatively narrow margin of 25,000 votes in a Presidential election year, while President Truman was defeating Thomas E. Dewey by 125,000 votes.

The following year, the President appointed Cooper a delegate to the United Nations General Assembly as a part of his gesture to the idea of a bipartisan foreign policy. Re-appointment as alternate delegate to the two succeeding sessions of the General Assembly followed. He served also as an advisor to Secretary Acheson at the 1950 meetings of the NATO Ministers.

Cooper's approach to politics can be best described as "unpartisan," though this is coupled with his well-defined affiliation with the Republican Party as the political vehicle best suited to the expression of his own views and ideals. A comparison of the voting records of the two candidates—who sat together in the Senate during the Republican Eightieth Congress—develops some interesting results. Emphasizing those votes of major importance, their records reveal a startling similarity. Both men were consistent internationalists, supporting economic aid to Europe, extension of reciprocal trade agreements, and a liberalized displaced persons program. Each opposed the premature lifting of rent and sugar controls, though Barkley went further in his efforts to increase the effectiveness of controls. The two Kentuckians joined forces on other issues: repeal of the tax on oleomargarine, support of public housing, cancer research, federal aid to education, development of TVA, and support for a small business committee.

The principal areas of disagreement were financial. Republican efforts to reduce taxes and cut government spending won the support of Cooper and earned the opposition of Barkley. The bitterly controversial Taft-Hartley labor legislation also separated the two men on several votes, although here the differences were of degree. While Barkley went down the line in the fight against the bill, Cooper supported its main provisions. Even though he resisted a number of harshly anti-labor amendments, Cooper's general support of Taft-Hartley brought organized labor's enmity in his 1948 bid for re-election. Labor's backing is generally agreed to have provided the late Virgil Chapman's margin of victory over Cooper.

Today—six years later—the pattern of labor opposition is again evident, though in vaguer outline. Barkley's announcement of his candidacy brought a rush of support from the top brass of Kentucky labor. This time, however, there is no Taft-Hartley with which to whip labor's legions into line. On the contrary, expressions of encouragement from individuals and groups within organized labor continue to arrive on Cooper's desk. And his record on the Administration's proposed Taft-Hartley revision may bring him more.

But Senator Cooper's chief contributions to the Eighty-third Congress lay in other fields—namely, his effective fight against the Bricker Amendment and his reasoned, consistent opposition to Senator McCarthy and the virus of McCarthyism. On the six key roll-call votes on the several Bricker Amendment proposals, Cooper was the only Republican to vote "no" on all of them. And together with Senator Wiley, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, he was credited with being the Amendment's most effective opponent.

The measure of Senator Cooper's understanding of the dangers involved in McCarthyism may be illustrated in the concluding paragraph of an altogether remarkable address. Speaking to the American Civil Liberties Conference in Washington recently on the subject of Congressional investigations, he concluded:

> . . . Party divisions can be corrected. There can be relatively swift enactments of programs to reinforce our capacity to meet external threats or the threat of subversion at home. But the larger danger is not so easily corrected. It is the damage done to the very institutions of government by which sound programs are devised, and the damage done to the concept of human rights which all our institutions are designed to serve. All of us want to protect in every way our system of free government from external attack, or from subversions within. But we want also to protect always the free structure of government itself. Without the protection of individual rights and freedom, our system will have little light and meaning.

IT is this increasing sense of reliability, the instinctive turning to Senator Cooper for the active conscience, the balanced sense of values, that has led a number of

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the closest students of the Senate to characterize Cooper as the most advanced of Republican Senators in terms of independence and liberalism, and to remark on the great and measurable growth of Cooper since he first entered the Senate in 1946.

One of these friendly critics has described Cooper in these words, "a vague, sometimes eloquent, sometimes fuzzy, but always morally-motivated man." His mind he characterizes as "questioning and theoretical." And he attributes to Cooper the approach of a lawyer, as distinct from that of a political leader. Here, he says, is Cooper's great weakness: his failure fully to appreciate his position in the Republican Party as a leading spokesman of the liberal-internationalist wing of the party. Cooper, he explains, has not developed a political sense of issues, in such a way that he recognizes the benefits accruing from the timely, intelligent use of issues. The Civil Liberties Conference address is a case in point. After painstaking research and a careful job of personally constructing the speech, Cooper failed to satisfy himself with his product far enough in advance of its delivery to have copies of his address available for the press.

Mr. Barkley would never have allowed this to happen. He appreciates, with clear political realism, the somewhat non-rational aspect of politics: that most citizens vote on the basis of impressions, sometimes clear, often otherwise. On the other hand, Senator Cooper is reported to be most impressive as he goes about the state meeting people on a person-to-person basis. His modesty, sincerity and evident ability come through to the people he meets. It is on the broader scale, through the mass media of communication, that Cooper has not done himself justice.

Specific issues, of course, underlie the generalizations, and the Cooper-Barkley race can be expected to generate a goodly portion of these. With Cooper campaigning on his record of four years in the Senate and, generally, as a prototype of the "Eisenhower Republican," Barkley is expected to develop what has become the pattern of Democratic opposition: emphasis on the declining U. S. economy, the business orientation of the Republican Administration with its impact on power, conservation and agriculture programs, and the "new-look," "bigger-bang" defense program. Beyond these, Barkley is expected to campaign strenuously against McCarthyism, in an attempt to saddle Cooper with the burden of Republican responsibility here.

Of the other issues, Cooper may be most vulnerable to the economic arguments. Kentucky has been especially hard hit during the past year. Drought and a poor year generally has reduced farmers' incomes, many coal mines have been closed down, and a number of newer industries have slowed production. Early this year, Kentucky passed the ten per cent mark in the number of its insured workers collecting jobless benefits—an indication of the increasingly severe unemployment which is being felt in Kentucky.

Yet, in each of these matters, Senator Cooper has been a tireless advocate on behalf of his state. He is not simply the press-release issuer, but goes personally to the White House, to the Agriculture Department and to Commerce, where he sits down with the officials who actually make the decisions. Not himself a reckless demander of senatorial prerogatives, Cooper depends on the persuasive power of a documented record of need. This approach has brought important benefits to Kentucky, although Cooper himself has not so fully shared in them. Once again, his ineptness in putting across his story has resulted in much of the credit being given his Kentucky colleague, Democrat Earle Clements.

Cooper's record in the Republican Eighty-third Congress, which includes support for increased appropriations for the Tennessee Valley Authority, development of the St. Lawrence Seaway, a strengthened federal conservation program, and high price supports for basic agricultural commodities, should serve to eliminate these issues from the campaign. In other fields, his vote against his party's attempt to deprive Senator Chavez of his seat, his early opposition to the appointment of Albert Cole, an avowed opponent of public housing, as Federal Housing Administrator, his vote against the Tidelands Oil bill, and, most important, his position as the only Republican Senator opposing the Administration's Mexican Farm Labor bill, which authorizes U. S. recruitment of Mexican labor in the absence of bilateral agreement on migration policy, should serve to reinforce Cooper's reputation as an independent and conscientious Republican.

ALBEN Barkley is not without handicaps himself; and chief among them may well be his advanced age. At seventy-six, Barkley is no longer capable of waging a grueling campaign throughout Kentucky, and if evidence adduced from other states is indicative, Kentucky voters will react more strongly to this factor as the campaign progresses. Allied with this handicap is the widespread feeling, as expressed by the Washington *Post,* that Barkley's career "reached its apex in his service as Vice President of the United States, and any additional political activity can be only an anti-climax."

Both candidates are broadly classifiable as political liberals: Barkley by virtue of his leadership position

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during much of the New-Fair Deal era, as well as unquestioned personal attachment to liberal causes, and Cooper as an independent, thoughtful legislator, committed to a positive and constructive view of the function of government, in face, especially, of majority opposition within his own party. In the case of Barkley, there is the added attraction of his position within the Democratic party, toward which most self-styled liberals are at least emotionally inclined. Cooper, on the other hand, presents an intriguing picture as the symbol of liberal Republicanism in the Senate.

But the great issues will not necessarily tell the story. In the final analysis Alben Barkley, a gifted story-teller, may have written his own epitaph. One of his best-known stories relates how he sought out a former supporter who was now backing his opponent. Barkley reviewed the many favors he had done for his old friend. And the farmer nodded agreement at each point—only to add,

"That's all so, Alben, but what have you done for me lately?"

And "lately" has, by Kentucky's political standards, been two long years ago.

THE STAGE

THE MAGIC AND THE LOSS

MR. Julian Funt's play, which closed recently after a tepid reception, will hardly withstand the weight of heavy critical investigation: something pallid and conventional consistently undermined Mr. Funt's serious aspiration to complexity in "The Magic and the Loss," and I find that the work has left but a very mild stain in the memory. Yet this study of the tensions of urban life, and their impact on a disturbed, feminine personality, had a cool, dry, limited authority impossible to disclaim, worthy indeed of genuine praise. Excellently played and directed, "The Magic and the Loss" had the virtue of making palpable the texture of one influential layer of American society: the polished world of Madison Avenue, of two-hour expense account luncheons, nervous alcoholics and glossy advertising layouts. In a time when the contemporary dramatist seems to have abandoned the social subject for excursions into the phantasies of sentiment or politics or psychology, the ability (and desire) to render the detail of such life with precision should command respect. Mr. Funt does evoke that respect, if not enthusiasm. For what deprives "The Magic and the Loss" of more permanent interest is the author's powerlessness to give his observation a truly grasping outline. The crisis of personality faced by his heroine lacks moral immediacy; the data of fiction and sociology have eroded its specific, painful contours. A tragic situation has been contracted to a dusty, nagging "problem," and while Mr. Funt mirrored this faithfully, he injected no fresh vitality.

The production was, however, one which satisfied on the level of adult dramatic perception. To acceptable but rather unimaginatively drawn roles, Robert Preston and Lee Bowman lent vigor and a welcome presence. As Mr. Funt's precocious, originally observed adolescent, Charles Taylor made a striking impression, and Edith Meiser controlled brilliantly the inherent bathos of her conventional alcoholic scene. Uta Hagen's portrait of Mr. Funt's heroine, a long and arduous role, was the most articulate, sustained and moving piece of emotional acting I have seen all season. How admirable was Miss Hagen in suggesting the nervous brashness of her character, her slightly abrasive charm, the cool intellect and desperate, threatened heart. She conveyed every nuance of this woman: her selfishness, indulgence and taste for power, but also the moral independence and personal vivacity which created the soil of her dilemma. Writing of Miss Hagen over a decade ago, Stark Young noted "that flexible talent . . . which may carry her far in our theater." In the interval, Miss Hagen has enriched her craft and her personality so that it must be admitted we are now in the presence of what we may call, with gratitude and certainty, a major American actress. (*Closed at the Booth.*)

THE KING-COIT CHILDREN'S THEATER

AN invitation to the annual production of this ensemble—currently, the Hindu legend "Nala and Damayanti" from the *Mahabharata*—constituted my introduction to this most distinguished and valuable of children's theaters. The association of Miss Edith King and Miss Dorothy Coit has long been an asset of the minority theatrical life of New York, and it is reassuring to know that their work will now have a permanent establishment in the Hotel Sutton. Mr. Donald Oenslager has transformed a small salon of that hotel into the most engaging of bandbox theaters: admirably proportioned and decorated, wholly winning in its assertion of color and liveliness and charm.

Everywhere in this current production of "Nala and Damayanti," there is grace and tenderness, irresistible humor and an unadulterated naiveté of spirit. Miss King and Miss Coit have brought to their work a patience, knowledge and quiet authority which shame our "professional" theater. They have woven elements of dance, mythology and the visual arts so richly and subtly into the texture of the performance that it suggests a Hindu frieze vivid and animate with life. The opulence of costume detail, the delicacy of make-up—

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perfect oval eyes, ringed in black, and framed in a dusky, composed face—contribute vastly to the expressive beauty of the production. And the children, under the direction of Miss King and Miss Coit, deliver the play with great relish and attack, a spectacle of youthful energy as disarming as it is emotionally correct and touching. It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine a more salutary rebuke to the merchants of theater than the example here of so much disinterested love and regard for what is beautiful in life being spent on this small and perfect work. (*At the Hotel Sutton, 330 East 56th Street, through May 21. A Benefit performance on May 17 for the Monastery of Mount Saviour.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

SEE HOW THEY RUN

LOOKING prettier than ever with natural brown hair instead of silver blond, Lana Turner portrays in her new picture, a restless dame who just cannot resist men. "Flame and the Flesh" makes it clear that men can't resist her either; and the path behind her throughout the story is strewn with defeated warriors, some of whom really tried in a struggle with the devil and the flesh, and some of whom gave one look at Lana and capitulated. As directed by Richard Brooks, the picture itself drags in a seemingly endless fashion, and the main plot, in which the wicked woman lures singer Carlos Thompson away from his fiancée, lovely Pier Angeli, is much ado about practically nothing.

The outstanding assets of "Flame and the Flesh" are its exceptionally fine photography and its beautiful Technicolor scenes of Naples and surrounding country. But for all of Joe Pasternak's handsome production and cast (which includes Bonar Colleano, Charles Goldner and others) we are still stuck with a story that leaves much to be desired and a script that is frequently obvious and occasionally ludicrous in telling a tale of overwhelming passion. This script says that during the war Lana learned to hate men—except when she wanted to use them for her own purposes. And we are supposed to believe at the end of this movie that the affair with Carlos Thompson has awakened her to real love for the first time. She walks off into the night a changed woman and I hope she keeps her hair this nice brown color and doesn't bleach it silver blond.

MARILYN Monroe also plays a woman who goes through a change of character in her new picture, "River of No Return," a big CinemaScope and Technicolor production set in the great Northwest in 1875. Miss Monroe is as out of place in this backwoodsy, outdoor drama as she would be in a period piece by Jane Austen. In her girly-girly pictures of 1953, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and "How To Marry a Millionaire," it almost seemed that Marilyn was getting wise to acting—especially in modern, blond babe characterizations—but in "River of No Return" she reverts to hip-swinging instead of acting. Most of the picture is concerned with a perilous trip down the river with Robert Mitchum, Marilyn and little Tommy Rettig on a raft; and it is all very exciting what with elegant mountainous scenery in the background and rapids to be crossed and Indians and white villains to be avoided. I think Director Otto Preminger could have saved Marilyn Monroe from appearing so absurd in the role, but maybe she's supposed to be one of the dangers.

FOR those who want to continue their vicarious travels with the help of movies and unencumbered by femmes fatales in hot pursuit, there is a pleasant little travelogue in color called "The Spell of Ireland" which is full of the beauty of the soft green countryside and the novelty of Irish towns. Written and directed by Harry Dugan, and accompanied by a narration by Jack McCarthy and Helena Carroll, "The Spell of Ireland" is for those who long to go back to their old country as well as for those who never saw its picturesque landscapes, its people at work and play, and its photogenic villages.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"TECHNICS AND TOTALITARIANISM"

Washington, D.C.

TO the Editors: It is a great pity that you could not have managed to print Mr. Wilhelmsen's "Technics and Totalitarianism" [April 23] one week earlier, when it might have been read along with the Lamentations of Jeremiah. To reprehend the study of nature through the methods of science as something illusive, deadening and godless is to relinquish this dark garden of good and evil, of wonders and horrors, already almost hopelessly forfeited through a melancholy succession of ineptitudes and misjudgments but perhaps still not quite wholly irrecoverable, securely into the grip of the humanists, without even subjecting them to the continuing trouble of asserting exclusive proprietorship. Their own voice is no dismal cry of lament: "Come to us all you who love nature and would understand

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its marvels, and we will guide you to its legitimate ends;—let those other scowling fellows follow their chosen business of dusty death." Happily, technics has not yet come into such universal reprobation. . . .

NOEL DEISCH.

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editors: Mr. Frederick Wilhelmsen's passionate cry, in "Technics and Totalitarianism" [April 23], is unfortunate and saddening. Because it is no more than a cry of terror and frustration and a plea for some sort of pastoral Never-Never Land—"the world as God gave it."

"The enemy," he says, "is the man who . . . refuses to look at the world and see it as it is, as Christian men have always seen it, good in its very being." Alas, obviously it is Mr. Wilhelmsen who will not see it as it is. (Though that doesn't make me regard him as an enemy.) His tract is a compendium of knowledge turned upside-down, or denied, and sneers at the contemporary world, through the medium of cliché half-truths.

Mr. Wilhelmsen's worst intellectual vice is reification. "Technologized science . . . is charged with the power . . . even to absorb the physical cosmos within a new world created by the genius of mathematicized science." This is reification in its most appalling bloom. It is reification compounded: "technologized science" and "mathematicized science" indeed. The grandiose statement quoted means, if it means anything at all, only something which is quite simple and un-frightful, if unlikely: simply that "science" may lead to complete understanding of the physical cosmos.

Science involves "the refusal to look things in the face and see them as they are," and so on? But this is non-sense, indeed a denial of sense.

"Science," as most of us know, is simply the organized pursuit of knowledge. As a "structure of symbols" it is simply an organization of knowledge by parts, by viewing reality in limited terms. We are not capable of grasping total understanding without first understanding the different parts or aspects of reality. So we study reality minutely, each aspect separately, hoping to learn enough to relate these limited studies to each other by means of symbolic structures. Mr. Wilhelmsen's depiction of science as a flight from or avoidance of reality is simply the creation of a fantasy which he apparently believes is a literal reality.

Such statements as "The multiplicity of trades and occupations decrease" is simply wrong, from any point of view. It is an absurdity. Perhaps Mr. Wilhelmsen thinks that industry is one vast assembly line, serviced by morons at purely repetitive tasks. I can only advise him to look around him, if no farther than the dozens of men who serve his needs directly and, for the most part, take pride in their work. Or look about in in-

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dustry and commerce, in stores and shops and factories and offices. Or get some of the Department of Labor booklets on occupations in the United States. There are more craftsmen, working in more crafts and exercising special skills, than ever before in history. The contrary statement—which is made by many people—is simply an extrapolation from what Marx said *would* happen but which, surprise! hasn't happened at all. If Mr. Wilhelmsen really sees "the world as it is," he knows this. But he doesn't; he sees the world only as he preconceives it.

A point-by-point refutation of Mr. Wilhelmsen's essay would be tiresome, unrewarding and, I hope, unnecessary. The important things about it are that it is untrue and powerfully misleading, dangerous nonsense because it contributes to that very confusion and panic which feeds it.

Revulsion from the contemporary world, horror of "science" conceived as a potent evil force, are recognized symptoms of a rather widespread terror of freedom. Erich Fromm analyzed it well in his book, *Escape From Freedom.* It is Dr. Fromm's thesis that contemporary man is faced with a choice of two things: flight from personal responsibility or the assumption of that responsibility and a spontaneous union of the individual with the world as it is (this does not mean anything like conformity; Fromm's word is "autonomy").

Mr. Wilhelmsen is in the grip of the former choice. He, and those who feel as he does, are forced to deny again and again the very real contemporary values. I know many, many of them, friends, who feel that way. They say there is no more good poetry, no great contemporary art, the folk arts gave been crushed by "mass propagandized commercial entertainment working for social uniformity" (there's a mouthful!), the craftsmen have been destroyed, the small businessman ruined, etc.

But there is a great deal of art, a great deal of vital humanity alive. And it persists and grows, while these poor people close eyes and ears and bewail the absence of something that is all around them. They talk about the things that are bad, or unfortunate; they avoid all of the good. They claim soap opera is all of American culture; they have no time to read the serious and often excellent (and sometimes great) books that I read. A well-known poet told me poetry was being crushed by the "mass media"—in the very week I attended a reading by him and a performance of two verse plays by the "Poets' Theatre." They refer to "dehumanization." When I cite any of the hundreds of very human people I know, they smile at my "naiveté," and go on talking. In factories where I've worked, in the army, in homes I visited when I was once a door to door salesmen, the closest I've met to "dehumanized" people are those whose sole intellectual exercise is deploring the contemporary world. Perhaps that's why in recent years a greater proportion of my friends have come to be artists of all sorts (writing, music, painting, etc.) and machinists, short-order cooks, and so on. We do not overlook the evils of the world, but we embrace the good things, including the company of people.

Mr. Wilhelmsen's emotion is the nihilistic one, the "authoritarian" one that Erich Fromm describes. It is the very feeling which he thinks he opposes: "Disintegrate: destroy: create anew!" It is a lamentable point of view or feeling, no less dangerous because tragic and pathetic, no less seductive to other fearful people because it is incoherent.

The Commonweal is one of the journals I respect most in the world. I am somewhat surprised and disappointed that its editors could take seriously something like "Technics and Totalitarianism," except as symptomatic. Fundamentally, it's a good world; morbid nay-saying is perhaps even less excusable than pollyannaism.

R. V. W. Todd.

BELLOC BIOGRAPHY

London

To the Editors: The literary executors of the late Hilaire Belloc have entrusted to me the task of writing his biography. Mr. Belloc had many friends in America, and traveled there a good deal. I should, therefore, be most grateful for any letters or information which would help me in writing the book. All material would be returned promptly, and would, of course, only be used with the sender's permission. Correspondence should be addressed to me care of the publishers, Messrs. Hollis & Carter, Ltd., 25, Ashley Place, London, S.W.1, England.

Robert Speaight.

TWO APPEALS

The Grand Séminaire of the Missions of Chateaudun in France, where missionaries and teachers are trained for their labors in Oceania and South America, is in urgent need of funds for repairs and enlargement of their buildings. Donations to enable the seminary to continue its world-wide work may be sent to the Reverend Pastor of St. Vincent de Paul Church, 120 West 24 St., New York, N. Y. Mass stipends would also be very helpful and may be sent to the same address.

At St. Anne's Mission recently established by the Irish Carmelites in Southern Rhodesia, sixty miles from the nearest village, the priest lives in a one-room mud hut twelve feet square. The hut is entirely without bathing facilities. To supply these, and to build a small church, funds are greatly needed. Remittances may be sent to Monsignor Lamont, Catholic Church, Umtali, Southern Rhodesia, Africa.

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The Absurd Hero Who Ceases To Be Funny

THE RELIC. By Eca de Queiroz. Translated by Aubrey F. G. Bell. Introduction by Francis Steegmuller. Noonday. $3.50.

By JOHN EDWARD HARDY

THE absurd hero, Theodorico Raposo, tells his own story. Reared in the household of a rich and hideously pious aunt in Lisbon, Theodorico is repelled by the old woman's worship of image and ceremonial, her dead spirit full of sanctimonious cruelty and suspicion. His yearning is all for the simple pleasures of eating well, riding his horse, and nuzzling young women. But for means to indulge these activities he must depend upon his aunt's dole, and, to keep her good will, he perfects the practice of childish hypocrisy. He spends his days in a continual round of visits to churches, or in loud prayer in the private oratory at the house, and his nights in pursuit of women. There is little danger of his being detected, for Dona Patrocinio is moved only, literally, by the odor of sanctity.

But Theodorico's ultimate objective is to become his aunt's heir. And for this purpose he soon realizes that everyday virtue will not be sufficient, that he must exert himself to a really extraordinary act of holiness, something that will convince the old lady that leaving her fortune to him would be the same as leaving to the Church. Thus it is that he undertakes a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and returns with the gift for Auntie from which the title derives—the relic which is to get him the fortune, and even, he dreams, to make him famous throughout Catholic Europe, perhaps finally to qualify him as a candidate for canonization.

Theodorico's plotting is overturned. He is disgraced, and disinherited. The novel is, if nothing else, funny. And the humor depends, to a certain extent, not upon complete surprise, but at least upon one's predicting for himself how the comedy of Theodorico's errors in handling two brown paper parcels will turn out—so that I shall not give it away here.

But the book is also, pretty clearly, intended seriously, as something more than light social comedy. The dust jacket speaks of "satire." But the trouble is, I feel, that Queiroz succeeds in communicating a seriousness of intent only when he ceases to be very funny. And what characterizes successful satire is precisely a duality of attitude constantly sustained.

Aside from the fact that not many readers now are likely to share Mr. Steegmuller's enthusiasm, in his introduction, for the "impressive historical insight" of Queiroz in the dream of the trial and crucifixion of Christ which Theodorico has during his journey to the Holy Land—a familiar kind of nineteenth century liberalism, the historistic interpreta-

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tion of the origins of religion which has now become a commonplace of movie-making—there is a serious question of consistency in characterization. It is difficult to recognize in the amiable simpleton who is the hero at the beginning of the story, any talent for becoming Theodorico the visionary. The difficulty may be partly with the translation—I am not competent to judge. But I suspect that Queiroz simply has not brought his character quite into focus, is uncertain whether he wants to make him a hypocrite only at the level of devices of deceit, or, what requires attributing to him considerably more native intelligence, at the level also of conscience, of examination of motives.

I am at a loss to determine just what attitude one is expected to take, finally, toward the hero. Mr. Steegmuller's argument that Theodorico undergoes some sort of redemption in the hardships of his disgrace, seems to me a complete mis-reading. Such a redemption would have to start, at least, with acceptance at face value of the second "vision" that Theodorico entertains, this time in a waking transport. Christ, simply one figuration of Conscience, as He carefully explains, appears to our hero and tells him that his ruin is the inevitable result simply of hypocrisy—regardless, that is, presumably, of what one is being hypocritical about. This seems to me, in any event, a rather flimsy kind of moralizing to be delivered at such expense of dramatics, whether the apparition is to be taken as preternatural or hallucinatory. But, further, Theodorico a little later explicitly and specifically rejects this "message" as revealing anything of the truth of his situation. ". . . it was not due to the confusion between two parcels, nor to my mistaken hypocrisy. . . . I realized that I had been done out of the fortune of G. Godinho simply because for an instant in Auntie's oratory I had not had the courage to affirm . . . had lacked that shameless heroism of affirmation which . . . amid the universal illusion founds new sciences and religions."

And yet, again, are we to take seriously this final notion of "heroism" either? Are any of Theodorico's insights, his estimate of himself, to be taken seriously? Theodorico has assuredly ceased to be funny. And this, as I have said, seems to me one fault of Queiroz management of his story. But—a further, and distinct, question—is he, funny or not, still a fool? Is he meant to be first a fool, and finally wise? Or is he a fool first and last? And it is not that I object, categorically, to novels that end in a question. But while, for example, in the work of a Cervantes or a Dostoievski, even this particular question, of wisdom and folly, arises clearly from the profundity of the author's contemplation of man's nature, in the present instance it strikes me as evidence not of profundity, but merely of confusion.

Perhaps on the basis of his other work, Queiroz is, as most of the jacket quotations agree in one phrase or another, "one of the greatest novelists of his epoch." This novel, however, seems to me finally a failure.

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Intrigue

THE WARS OF LOVE. By Mark Schorer. McGraw-Hill. $3.

By PATRICK F. QUINN

IN thinking about this novel, the word "plot" comes first to mind, only to be soon displaced by another, more resonant and much more exact, the word *intrigue*. This is the term we want, for it has three meanings, all of them relevant.

One meaning is conspiracy: devious and underhand work towards an unannounced end. In the second and final part of the story, Mr. Schorer's chief characters are engaged in an intrigue of this kind. Indeed, there are *two* intrigues afoot and in conflict with each other. The object of the struggle is Dan Ford, gentle, amiable, passive. His wife Milly and his friend and business associate Freddie Grabhorn act in concert to protect him from even the rumor of grief and pain. His one great experience of suffering took place when he witnessed the slow and agonized death of his parents in an automobile accident. Mental and emotional collapse resulted. Upon his release from a sanitarium Milly promptly married him. With the active assistance of Freddie, who soon became a member of the household, she made his life over into a state of perpetual convalescence. In theory, all this anxious solicitude about Dan came from the love of Milly and Freddie for him, was his own good. Practically, their policy was ruining him. This is what Grant Norman discovers, and he sets in motion a number of schemes that will break the cocoon and enable Dan to emerge from it. He too, he thinks, acts out of love for Dan; and he has as good reason to think so as do Milly and Freddie. For in their youth all four characters had in effect grown up together and formed the ties of love and loyalty that later developments have snarled into a uniquely complicated and ugly knot.

Ugly, not because this is a routine "triangle" kind of novel, at the end of which the abused husband kills his wife and her lover Freddie. This

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does happen, but before it does Milly becomes for a while Grant Norman's mistress. What we have here is not a triangle but a rubberoid quadrilateral. And thus the second meaning of intrigue—a clandestine and illicit love affair—is also very much in the foreground of the story. Suspecting that Milly and Freddie are far from disinterested in their zeal to protect and shelter Dan, Grant Norman interferes. He will be the altruist, Dan's true friend. And while he is at it he will be Milly's benefactor and save her from herself. This noble motive is assisted, or corrupted rather, by his falling in love with her. Although he can analyze the self-deceptions of Milly and Freddie, he is less astute about himself. Hence he can assume that his liaison with Dan's wife will serve as a solution of some kind. "The deepest lies," Grant remarks, with the wisdom of hindsight, "are those that we do not intend, those that we do not really know we have committed."

That statement pretty well sums up the theme of the novel. It also points to the questions Mr. Schorer is mainly interested in, questions of motive. Why the lies, whence the energy with which they are told and enacted, and all to what end? To the end of love, yes; but love of a very warped kind. For the three effective characters love is a mode of aggression, an instrument of power. It might as well be called revenge. To show how love may be warped in this way and to this degree was perhaps the most difficult problem the author had to solve. His solution we find in the first section of the book in an account of the childhood and adolescence of Milly, Freddie, Dan and Norman. Of the four, only Dan knew what family love was, and what it meant "to belong." The others in different ways were all outsiders, "have-nots." Now, as adults, able to act but ignorant of their motives, they try to get even. If Mr. Schorer's central insight is not notable for its originality, it does pass an equally difficult test: credibility. Without any overt contrivance, the episodes of the first part of the novel are made basic to and causative of the moral disaster that occurs fourteen years later. The word for this integration is intrigue again, this time in its third sense: the total plot of a novel or play.

To call *The Wars of Love* a skillful novel is to risk damning it with faint praise. The book has more virtues than I have named or suggested, but its chief excellence lies in its composition. For that reason alone Mr. Schorer's story is an intriguing one.

The Loyalties

A MAN AND TWO GODS. By Jean Morris. Viking. $3.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

BERTRAND Russell has said of loyalty that it is always a bad thing, because it presupposes an ethical ambivalence. If a man is sure his action is right, he has no need to call in loyalty to credit himself. If he is not sure, all the loyalty in the world will never excuse a single evil action. Richard Bering, the hero of Jean Morris' first novel, would have agreed. Miss Morris, a thirty-year-old Englishwoman, has written an exciting novel about some of the questions that, as Mr. T. S. Eliot remarks, we do not know, although we are glibly fluent with their answers.

In a country with a Germanic language, whose boundaries are on every side high mountain ranges, Richard Bering meets Bronya von Maas, daughter of the translator of the *Oresteia* and famed university chancellor, and Julian Radaev, a Transmontane journalist with diplomatic status, a member of the neighbor nation which is supposedly threatening Richard's and Bronya's country. Radaev is rude to Bronya. Later, a superior officer orders Richard to stop Radaev from traveling near the Transmontane frontier where he would discover unnotified troop movements, and at least a couple of airstrips—evident proofs that Richard's country was violating its pact with the Tramontese. When Richard, who is alone, catches up with Radaev, the latter refuses to stop. He disables Richard, who shoots him dead without compunction. But Radaev is a diplomat, Richard was not in uniform, and the two countries are officially at peace. Richard is tried for murder, and, when his superior officer denies having given him the order to stop Radaev, is condemned to death. The advocate-general asks Richard if he considers murder mortal sin? Richard says yes; but by refusing to recognize the legal authority he, Richard, represented, Radaev had accepted the necessity of a decision by force; he could not, while disobeying the law, claim its protection.

Richard refuses to appeal. He had long objected to the clauses in the military oath which forbade him the exercise of his own judgment on the right of his country's quarrels. Now he insists he is Orestes: one law ordered him to kill, one punishes him for his obedience to that law.

The expected war between the two countries breaks out. Richard is pardoned and decorated. He refuses to accept, and deserts. Victor Radaev, a prisoner of war on parole, brother of Richard's victim, finds him in the same mountains near his home where the shooting took place. In a moving scene between the two men and Bronya, Richard explains why when one action is judged by two standards they cannot both be right: he cannot be both heel and hero, so he refused the award. Bronya argues that time and circumstances alter cases. But Richard asks, can circumstances alter the complexion of the soul before the Judgment Seat? Victor says there is no justice, nor judge, there are only strings which pull us all, now nationality, once religion, tomorrow perhaps politics. But if we can see the strings, Richard insists, we can avoid being manipulated by the Fates that pull them. This Victor denies: Richard, who has lost his strings, has lost also himself. Richard agrees he has lost everything—except one thing: "that which refuses to deny my soul's responsibility." Victor applauds him, and keeps the trackers off as long as he can. But Richard, bidding him *auf wiedersehen* at the Judgment

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Seat goes out to be caught by the police and shot as a deserter. Bronya marries a pompous minister. At novel's end Victor, seeking Richard's unmarked grave, meets a child who will not admit any of the dead are "ours or theirs" but claims them all, and lays flowers upon all indiscriminately.

The climate and conflict of this story are admirable, and the characterization is adequate, Miriam, the daughter of Richard's lawyer, being a gentle foil for the almost too odious Bronya. This is indeed a notable attempt to combine in fictionalized form the exterior excitement of a contemporary dilemma with the greater tension of an eternal interior drama.

Suffering

THE CROSS AND THE CHRISTIAN. By Pius-Raymond Regamey, O.P. Translated by Angeline Bouchard. Herder. $3.25.

By ALBAN BAER

"THE more we advance in life, that is, the more we suffer and see others suffer, the more we are struck by the fact that so few of us derive spiritual benefit from our suffering. The solution to our problem lies along the same line of thought. The disastrous effect of suffering in the majority of cases, its quenching of a joy that it should enkindle, both of these anomalies have the same cause. But are they really anomalies? That is what the Christian says, from force of habit. He has heard it said so often that suffering is good. Still, evil should in every case turn to the spiritual good of the one who undergoes it. How can we discover the exact point where grace touches us and produces this alchemy, when in most instances we do not even know how to offer ourselves to the influx of grace?" In these words, occurring near the end of his book, Father Régamey at once makes clear what has urged him to write, indicates the error which he has been prompted to correct, and hints at the solution which he has all along been offering.

Many, indeed most, Christians, according to Father Régamey, have a wrong idea of suffering. He exposes the futility of false optimism and spares no pains to emphasize its odiousness. Indeed, suffering is even more odious for the Christian than for the unbeliever, since the Christian has a vision of the order which suffering violates. It cannot be escaped, surrendered to, or struggled against. It is a scandal, a mystery. Christ as man was never more true to his human nature than when he experienced revulsion against it.

Only when we turn from a consideration of suffering itself to the great theological mysteries of atonement and Redemption, Father Régamey suggests, can we catch a glimpse of the meaning of suffering and have our own spiritual vision sharpened in the process. The Cross, in short, must be regarded, not in its role as an instrument of pain and torture, but as the divinely appointed means whereby our ultimate release from suffering is achieved. It must be considered in all its length, height, depth, and breadth. For the individual Christian it is diverse and ever new. The grace of the sacraments can introduce us to its true meaning and can strengthen us to bear the greatest cross of all, the "silence of God." Christian resignation is a positive assent to the values of the Cross, not a negative abdication of initiative and responsibility. Along with it joy is still possible, if we recognize that it can never be forced and need not be conscious.

Never for a moment dwelling on any sufferings of his own, Father Régamey nevertheless lets it be clearly implied that he had his share of them during the period of the German occupation. His quiet references to this difficult time, scanty as they are, give added weight to his utterance.

REVIEWERS

John Edward Hardy is associated with the writing seminar at Johns Hopkins University.

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READERS WRITE:

SOME EXCERPTS FROM RECENT LETTERS

Minnesota

I have seen very many Catholic papers on my trip through many countries, but I have not yet seen one as good as yours.

New York

May I take this opportunity to thank you for publishing the most entertaining, enlightening and readable magazine it is my pleasure to receive.

London

I think I can truthfully say that [The Commonweal] is one of those few magazines which I look forward to receiving and read from cover to cover.

An Infantry Battalion Headquarters, Korea

. . . your magazine is keeping me intellectually alive. . . . I will do my best when I return stateside to dig up quite a few subscriptions among my Catholic friends.

Illinois

It is my considered opinion that your magazine is doing more than any other publication that I have ever read to bring about the application of Christian social principles to the affairs of every-day life.

Montana

I like the contents of every issue. You are to be congratulated on the type of topics covered, the fairminded and impersonal way in which you discuss "controversial" issues. . . .

Rhode Island

Having received my subscription . . . [as a gift] I feel the way I can best express my interest in your excellent publication is to [give two new gift subscriptions]. I know these two friends—having avidly read my copies—share this interest and I hope they in turn will help increase your circulation in like manner. . . .

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